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THE REVIEW

20 Pages this week, well worth your careful attention. The ads point you to the "Road of Big Values." Follow the sign and arrive safely.

The Review is read and appreciated by that large body of people who buy four-fifths of the goods sold in High Point---the laboring people

Vol. 12, No. 52

High Point, N. C., Thursday, Dec. 16, 1915

20 Pages

THE COMMUNITY XMAS TREE

Subscription List Started--Let Every One Give and Do it Quickly, as the Time is Short--The Details

At a meeting of the Woman's club and others Wednesday afternoon the following was decided upon in regard to Community Xmas Tree. The Review and The Enterprise with Mrs. Frank Gurley and Capt. Talbert of Salvation army committee to report to on destitute families. Mrs. Kephart will get up a chorus to sing carols. Old postoffice room will be used to store gifts and will be open afternoons of Wednesday, Thursdays and Fridays, in charge of Boy Scouts and others. Buying committee--Rev. J. M. Hilliard, Capt. Talbert, Mrs. Frank Gurley and Mrs. L. J. Ingram. Treasurer--Geo. T. Wood. Boy Scouts will distribute gifts Christmas evening. Salvation army and Elks will co-operate with newspapers, Boy Scouts, Woman's Club and individuals. Let it be known at once what you will give.

The Review and the Enterprise are leading a campaign for a Community Christmas Tree. They are ably assisted in the work by the Woman's Club under the leadership of Miss Clara Cox and others and a committee of men composed of Geo. T. Wood, Frank Gurley, Rev. J. M. Hilliard and others and the Boy Scouts are also interested because their tree will be used for the community tree and will be stationed on the little square at the east end of the Southern Passenger station. The ladies will furnish goodies for the stockings of the children and the men are expected to contribute money for the more substantial things such as meat, flour, potatoes, etc. The two newspapers of High Point desire to see every "stocking full" this Christmas and with this end in view started the community movement. It is a sad thing to contemplate that in a christian community any one should fail to feel the true Christmas spirit for lack of effort on the part of those in a position to bring this happiness, hence a Christmas tree for the poor whom God loves just as much as the more favored.

Every merchant is earnestly requested to place a box in his store for the reception of contributions to this fund and label the box with words like this: "Help the Community Christmas Tree Today."

If the weather should be unfavorable it is planned to hold the affair in the large depot warehouse of the Carolina and Yadkin River Railway which Mr. Sizemore has so graciously and thoughtfully tendered.

Now open up your hearts and get a real blessing, contribute today to the community Xmas Tree fund as the time is short.

The subscriptions have been started.

The Enterprise--\$250.

The Review--\$250.

Full list of contributors to date will be published in next Tuesday's paper.

CITY SHOULD DO THE WORK.

The snow kept the property owners busy Sunday and Monday cleaning it off of the sidewalks in order to escape the law.

The city could well afford to run a scraper over the streets after the snow has fallen and before it freezes and take this nuisance off of the hand of the people, as it would only take a few minutes for a horse-drawn scraper to clean the snow from the streets all over town and the cost would be insignificant as compared to the individual cost and great inconvenience.

At some homes there are no male persons or people who are able to shovel the snow off and it is no easy matter to get some one to do it within the stipulated time.

Mrs. E. P. Land, mother of Mrs. Carter Dalton, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.



ATTRACTIVE SHOW WINDOWS.

The stores of the merchants are alive with Christmas goods and the windows of many present a very pretty holiday effect, notably Allen's Department store, Thacker's Shoe store, Moffitt Furnishing company, Leonard-Beavans-Stamey company, Alexander's, Staley's Jewelry store, Wood's Dry Goods company, Miss Venetia Smith, Hart, Mann and Ring Drug companies. Real art is displayed in the arrangement of several of these windows, but it would not be wise to make comparisons. Suffice to say that a good window display is a drawing card.

Used Cafe Cook as a Target

An unknown party threw a rock and also fired two shots into the kitchen of the Piedmont Cafe on South Main street early Tuesday morning, narrowly missing the cook, Mike Mellus. Evidently the party had it in for the cook as well as the cafe.

Found Dead in Bed

The home of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Smith on Smith street was saddened Tuesday morning by finding their 2 year old daughter, Viola, dead in bed. Cause of death unknown. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. J. M. Hilliard.

People It will Pay You to Patronize

The Home Banking company directs your attention to the Christmas Savings Club. Those who join the club can, by saving a little each week, receive a check for a neat amount at the end of the year. See ad and also talk it over with Cashier Crowson at once.

We call attention to the ad. of Alexander's in this issue. In Christmas goods and toys and in fact anything you desire for a present can be found here. If you will make a call you are sure to find just what you want and at the most reasonable prices.

The Fair has an ad this week soliciting your business.

Moffitt Furnishing company, "the Christmas store," presents an attractive list of Santa Claus' specials and you are the winner by reading and complying with the request to visit this store.

The Commercial National Bank presents some interesting figures for your consideration.

Brower's one price store is well equipped for Christmas shopping and your attention is directed to ad.

Gilmer's Specialty Store is making a strong appeal for your business in a to-the-point ad today.

Allen's department store is ever to the front with specialties of value and the trade profits by reading what this progressive firm has to say.

Robinowitz announces the continuance of his fire sale and says the same great values await one and all.

Arctic Ice and Coal company says buy coal--good coal--coal that will burn--they have it, also bottled drinks. The phone number is 109 and Manager Joe Lee is "on the ground" at all times.

Thacker's, the popular shoe and gents furnishes have a page ad of irresistible values today and tells you by paying cash you save money on all your purchases.

See what Hart has to say in his "Heart Throbs" ad today.

Staley, the jeweler tells you of useful and appropriate Christmas presents in space today.

We direct your attention to the Xmas ad of the Leonard-Beavans-Stamey Co., the ladies store, anticipating your wants in their line.

Solomon Robonowitz announces a continuance of his sale. See ad.

H. Harris and Bro., offers for your consideration many timely Xmas suggestions in practical gifts. Moffitt Furnishing Co. has an attractively worded ad in today's paper.

The Bank of Commerce has a well-worded ad calling attention to your Xmas savings accounts. Read what is said.

Rabbi Piers, who has been stationed here for sometime has gone to Chicago to take up similar work there.

Mrs. B. S. Cummings is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis.

THINGS PERSONAL AND OF A GENERAL NATURE

Supt. Haynes and wife will spend the holidays at their old home in Chester, S. C.

Next Sunday is Orphanage Sunday at Wesley Memorial M. E. church when the Sunday school scholars will contribute to the Home at Winston in the way of chairs, tables, book cases and money.

A crowd of drunks kept the neighborhood awake Saturday night on East Washington street with their wicked cursing and boisterous hawling. Notwithstanding the cold weather and snow one fellow insisted on taking off his overcoat and sitting down in the snow while he kept the air hot with blasphemy.

The local Pythians report a big time at the district meeting in Greensboro Friday when several of the prominent Pythians of the state were present. High Point had the honor of making the largest net and percentage gain in membership in the District.

Sam Buie and Ben Best were indicted by Health Officer (Mrs.) Soyars for failure to make sewer connection and they paid the costs and made application at once for sewer connection.

The Governor will be asked to pardon John Wade at an early date, the notice of same now being run.

C. F. Tomlinson was the guest of the Missouri T. P. A. Post last week in St. Louis. Mr. Tomlinson is president of the National Travelers' Protective association.

Judge West, of Virginia, refused to grant Hopewell a charter, saying that was the duty of the legislature, which, however, meets the first week in January.

The depot of the Carolina and Yadkin River railway is a model of cleanliness, convenience and general up-to-dateness.

We trust you will like this week's paper.

The last day of next week spells Christmas in big letters to the little folks.

See that the little stockings are not empty at your home the "night before Christmas."

There will be more happy children this year than last because rum is on the go and this means that rather will have the money that he at one time "drank up," to use in a better way--to gladden the hearts of his children and to furnish nourishment for the body and the necessary clothing.

Quite a number of citizens took the tubercular test last week but not as many as was expected.

Cashier M. C. Crowson, of the Home Banking company, was confined to his room two days last week with a severe cold.

Rev. A. D. Shelton preached his first sermon Sunday as pastor of Welch Memorial church, having moved his family to the parsonage of that church the week before.

Next week is the week of all weeks and Saturday the crowning day of all the other six work days--for it is Christmas day, the time when Santa Claus gladdens the hearts of all.

Watch for the big feature at the Broadway Monday.

Messrs. L. W. Blackwelder, A. E. Teetor, D. H. Milton and E. L. Widdows were among those who attended the Pythian district meeting in Greensboro Friday night.

The Boy Scouts will erect a Christmas tree on the square near the depot as a "monument" to the great festival time.

The First Baptist church will conduct an "enlistment campaign" under the leadership of Rev. C. A. Upchurch, of Raleigh. The idea is to get the members interested so they will in turn get other members and thus build up the church.

Mr. J. D. Fulmer and daughter are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Griffin.

The next day after the big fire in Hopewell, the Snow Lumber company, of this city received telegraphic orders for 3,000 doors, calling for immediate delivery at 90c each, or \$2,700 all told. This company has been selling Hopewell

NORTH CAROLINA DOGS WINNERS

In the Derby race last week of the Pointer Club trials North Carolina dogs won first honors while "Pearly Beau" won first in the free for all stake, the prizes being the Charlie Whitlock cup and the handsome desk given by the High Point merchants. Naponachee, a celebrated dog owned by O. F. Hege, of Winston, was purchased by Frank Reilly, of Medford, N. J., the price paid being \$500. Quite a neat amount in cash and other prizes were awarded the winners. The trials ended Thursday.



This Edition

Twenty pages, all told, eight pages of pure reading matter and twelve pages of ads, equalling 48 columns of reading matter and 72 columns of ads. We would have had more but was forced to stop in order to get the paper out on time. We present a rather unique Xmas cover, worthy of study. Next week the cover will be very pretty indeed. We trust our readers will like it and we return thanks to one all of our patrons.

Two Installments

The installment of "Neal of the Navy" due last issue appears this week together with the one for this issue.

In Recorder's Court

Ed. Moore and Clarence Haynes were convicted and made to pay for disorderly conduct at the Greek Cafe Sunday night.

Ed. Wade was made to pay \$25 for assaulting Carl Patterson in a very rough manner.

Several drunks were up, being arrested at the Cafe on corner of Broad and College streets.

Shop Early---the Reason

Do your shopping early--the time is short before. Shop now in comfort, later in crowds and discomfort.

SPECIAL OFFERS

The Review from now until March 1, 1917, for \$1.00. Offer good until Jan. 1st.

Also we will allow 10 per cent. reduction on all old subscriptions paid or renewed during this month.

HOPEWELL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Hopewell, the great mushroom city of Virginia, was destroyed by fire last Thursday, practically every house in the city of 25,000 being swept by fire, caused by the turning over of an oil stove in a Greek restaurant. But Hopewell will rise again, even more rapidly than it was transformed several months ago from a cornfield to a city of 25,000 people. Rebuilding has already begun in earnest.

Charles Welborn, of this city, was there the day the fire started and tells of the great conflagration that eat its way like a giant cyclone into the homes of the inhabitants, the James river only stopping its progress. Mr. Welborn said while excitement was of course great, no more so than in any other town, although the mix-up there of so many tongues would naturally add to the perplexity of the situation.

Mr. Welborn tells of the high price of land there, which is in the hands of Hebrew speculators, in the main, how small investments six months ago have made poor people independent. The lots there are only 25 feet wide and the price ranges from \$2,500 to \$10,000, while rent in a \$500 building is as high as \$200 a month.

Mr. Davis, the contractor who went from this city there a few months ago, is making good and the Elder Bros. are coining money. Other successes of local men are noted. Mr. R. W. Gray had his market fixtures loaded for Hopewell the day of the fire, but he was undaunted and went just the same, expecting to begin anew with "greater Hopewell," which has applied for a charter this time, but which will sooner or later be again destroyed if the same flimsy material is used in the construction of the houses, which seems evident from necessity for Hopewell must build back rapidly to house the people and she will do that very thing.

The Review in sending a special man to Hopewell last month in the person of Mr. W. H. Dugdale and whose articles appeared in the issues of December 2nd and 9th, gave the people a keen insight into the Hopewell as it was up to the day of the fire, and now since the fire the people can read more intelligently about it and appreciate the magnitude of the destruction.

THE NAVY'S CHRISTMAS.

Uncle Sam sees to it that the boys in his navy have a real celebration on Christmas. You will enjoy the descriptive article covering the subject which appears in this issue of the Review. King Neptune takes the place of Santa Claus and the bluejackets have a rip-roaring time.

THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE.

By W. H. Dugdale.

We gather here to celebrate The day that Christ was born. The bells peal forth an echo, Of that glorious Christmas morn While in that humble manger In far off Bethlehem's plain; The meek and lowly Jesus, The Prince of Peace, was laid. And ever on and upward, From childhood to the cross, He bore our every burden And did not count the cost. He shares our joys and sorrows A friend that's ever near A kind and true protector That brings us hope and cheer. Rejoice today, sing praises loud; Bring forth the diadem The promise of a Comforter Has come from Bethlehem. A new born King today has come; To us a son is given; To breathe a blessing on mankind And teach the way to Heaven. The King of Heaven, our child and guide

Takes on a mortal frame He enters into human strife To carve immortal fame. He points the way to truth and life, His prayer the good of all. "Hail Him Who Saves You By His Grace And Crown Him Lord of All." Attend ye mortals here on earth While angels glad proclaim That peace on earth good will to men Are offered in his name, That name that is our future hope The power that makes us free, In which all earnest prayers shall rise In every land and sea. Peal out ye merry Christmas bells, Proclaim the new born King. Let every heart and soul rejoice, Let Heaven and nature sing. Around this tree this Christmas morn May peace and plenty reign, May love and righteousness prevail Till Christmas comes again.

THOUGHT HE WAS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN INSTEAD OF MY SOUP DISH.

A Chat With Jim Diggins--Waving the Dish Rag as an Emblem of Peace--Flies in the Kitchen--Why Not a Clean-Up Day for the Country Also?--Swat the Fly from the Pies and Victuals--Nothing Like Being a Diplomat to Accomplish Things.

(By Our Special Correspondent) GUY SHARP.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The other day when there was nothing else to do about the farm work (?) I decided to go over to Jim Diggins and have a chat with him and, Mr. Editor, I am going to tell you flat out how outrageously mad I almost got at him and he at me, and what it was all about. You see it was this way:

Mr. Diggins has for years been in the habit of coming to my house almost every rainy day for a quiet chat, and I can tell you right now, when a family on such intimate terms as we were get mad at each other they've just got to tell somebody about it or bust. I'll add right here though that I am not so mad at him that I won't do him a favor as I have done many times, if he needs it. I heard him say sometime ago that he wanted to grind his axe. He don't own any grind stone and we do, and sometimes my cow gets out in his cornfield, and if you leave off his failings I reckon he's a pretty good sort of fellow.

Well, but the gonebyest funniest thing that happened was, as I was passing Bud Tall's house. His wife, seems that she always was a little fond of me somehow, (she used to say my ideas suited her exactly), she poked her head out of the door, dish rag in hand, and gave it a cute little wave at me. "Well," says I to her, "Samanthy Tall, that flag you fluttered toward me you might have meant for the white flag, but for once in my life, if I can see straight, you are mistaken. Looks to me more like the black flag and you had best go back in the house and wash it out white." Sakes alive! Right then and there that woman preached my funeral till I began to think maybe I was already dead and that I was passing through one of those awful dreams they say bad people have when their conscience won't let them rest. If it's the last word I ever speak I did not intend to make Mrs. Tall angry. It's just a silly little outspoken habit I have of telling folks what I think and when I got to myself I just laughed and laughed, just to think anybody would get mad at such foolishness.

As I was going to say awhile ago, I went over to have a chat with Jim Diggins and as we are usually on friendly

terms we never take the trouble to knock on the door. You see that looks too stranger fashion, so I just pushed open the door and there sat Jim warming himself by a big wood fire while his wife was doing the baking. "Well Jim," says I, "pretty chilly today."

"Yes," says he, "pull you up a chair to the fire. I'm glad you come over. Been wanting somebody to come around to talk with."

So we both fell in to talking about first one thing and then another and all the time I was watching Lizzie Diggins. I hardly ever notice the women folks' business, but as I am fond of pie I just sat there and watched her wave the cover over the pie to scare off the flies, then the few weaker brothers she lifted out with her fingers. You see, these cold days, the flies can live all winter in the warm kitchen. That's one thing I can credit Lizzie Diggins with. She's always careful to see that there's nothing filthy left in the victuals.

So Jim and I, we just kept on talking till finally we got to telling jokes and I says to him: "Jim, let me tell you a little joke and it's all true too. One time I had a spell of sickness. It was typhoid if I remember right, but here's the part I remember best: My doctor, I call him the Bolas doctor, left me some, I don't know what to call them, for as they went down they felt as big as five cents before it has ever been used. And the things were green."

"Well," says Jim, "did you eat them?" No," says I, "but I swallowed one, and it did what the lat did."

"What's that?" asks Jim, but before I could answer, he took the hint and told me to "cut it out" before I made him sick. Then says I, "If that's the worst thing you've got to make you sick--but I've started it and I'm going to finish it. Listen Jim Diggins. Some of them internal flies, I can't tell you where they had been, but one started to cross my dish of soup and he was 'Wearing of the Green.' I guess by that, he was an Irishman. But the worst was, as he was crossing my soup dish, I guess he thought he was crossing the Atlantic, for when he reached shore his suit of green was left on the waters and he became an hyphenated American and ever since then I've had no use for hyphenated Americans, and Jim, I wish this county would appoint somebody just as our cities do to see that everybody in this county keeps his home surroundings clean. Our cities have a 'clean up day.' Why not the country residents? Why not our country have a man as demonstrator of farm work and clean up work combined?"

"Don't want nobody showing me how to run my business," says Jim.

"Well," says I, "I, for one, would be glad for somebody to give me a few good ideas about farming or tell me some easier way of keeping my surroundings so my neighbors won't have to turn their heads the other way when they pass my farm," and says I, "during the winter months I swat every fly that happens in my house and I never have any more till well up in the summer, when somebody gets more than they can feed, then they drive them out of the house and close the doors on them, and they they come to my house."

"You confounded fuss maker," says Jim, "you'd be ludin on me. I see that. Them flies come to my house from Jo Dotson's out yonder, and I didn't want them here." And then he got mad. But I didn't let on.

"Jim," says I, "you know old Dan Biggs. Everybody calls him a queer old cuss. They say he used to own a country grocery store and he made his wife sweeten pies with molasses because he could sell sugar and couldn't molasses. Well, not a pesky insect can you find in his house, and very often you can see him, with a fly swatter in hand, chasing any fly off the outside of the house that may chance to alight." "Now, Jim," says I, "can't you kill the things and not drive them on somebody else?" "Jim Diggins," says I, "talk this thing over with some sensible person that can give you some sound advice and tell them you're for a clean Piedmont county and you'll be helping me as well as yourself."

Mr. Editor, there's nothing like being diplomatic, that is, saying the right thing at the right time, so I says: "Jim Diggins, I'm about through with my work now, and if you want any of my machinery--corn sheller--you said you wanted my cross-cut saw, come over and get whatever you need." Jim forgot his wrath that moment, as all good neighbors should, and said he'd be over in a couple of days.

Mr. Editor, I wanted to tell you something about my neighborhood. It's a pretty good place to live in, but there's nothing so good that it can't be made better.

GUY SHARP.